

Although I never knew her name, I recall the face of the Romper Room lady. I distinctly remember her calling my name as she gazed through her magic looking glass. She said, "I see Jamie," along with an assortment of names of other children watching the show. While I watched her, she was watching me! Is she still watching? Is she employed by the NSA, scanning my thoughts? I don't have a cell phone, but I don't know that I have already been labeled as a terroristic threat. Can she read my mind? I have made myself an aluminum hat. I can't let them in.

I dreamt that I slept with my mom. But then, it was not my mother in my dream. It was mom, who raised me. Following the line of adoptions, the *only* way to enter my family, this woman was originally slated to be my grandmother. She thought of herself as the Madonna. While her womb was barren, she did raise several children. While I feel a sense of shock at having enjoyed her physicality, I know that there is more to the story than meets the eye I am supposed to gouge out in shame. But then, I never did follow any rules.

Is it environmental? I have always been fascinated by my mind, and the theories propounded by the experts in the field. I would have to say that nurture caused my Oedipal desire. Neither my mom nor my mother are my type of woman, and yet here is the dream. What does it mean? What does it mean for me?

Mom gave me a great childhood. As a retired school teacher, we were considered upper middle class, and I got pretty much everything I ever wanted. I was taught right from wrong, but at an early age I interpreted my own values. No rules, remember? All of my life, mom never drank anything stronger than coffee. Still, I became an alcoholic addict. It must have been genetic.

My son's mother is an addict. His household is lower income. While he carries a double shot cocktail of the nucleotides *and* lives in a high-risk environment, he has dabbled in weed and given up all consciousness-altering substances. Why? He has both Nature *and* Nurture working against him.

My two daughters were also raised in a good home, by a school teacher. Of course, their comparative income level is much less than the one enjoyed by *my* mom. One of them is a very good girl, the other an addict. I wonder if they ever dream of bedding their father, and which *one*, the step-father or me. Perhaps they dream of sleeping with their mother? Again, these thoughts make me uncomfortable, but I am fascinated to know just exactly why I have them, and what it means about my thought processes.

None of my children really know me. I came to prison when my son was six. My two daughters were both under three years of age. My son used to visit often until about the age of thirteen. His mother found a man to take care of her, and his jealousy of me forbade any further correspondence with her. My daughters grew up being told that their

step-father was the true paternal DNA donor, but they were smart enough to know better. Kids are always smart enough. They have started writing to me during the past three years. There is so much I wish to know, for my research.

I am finding that we lose the use of our short-term memories in prison. We have no use for it, since all of our day-to-day actions are decided and scheduled for us. I plan to do studies, conduct experiments, and publish my findings. That is, if I can actually cross the barrier of uselessness that has been imposed upon me by my captors, the warehousemen of surplus labor. They know better than I do what my capabilities are. They are protecting me from myself. I could not possibly function in the real world without their guidance.

As an offender I will not be able to get a grant. Most likely some government agent will steal my idea and my grant money, hence the aluminum porkpie. We have far too many government agents collecting the welfare of The People. Was it Nature or Nurture that led them into office, where they could take advantage of their positions of power? They institute pogroms to make The People weak, dumb, fearful, and complacent. That way they have an exponential return on their conquest of rape and pillage. Who are the *real* terrorists?

I leave here every night in my dreams, but I am safe, I always don my hat before bed. My nightly travels must be kept between only you and I. They are always watching and listening.

While I am awake, I use my special skills to become invisible. Actually that is not true. I am *quite* visible to the naked, non-perforated eye, but I am always acting out a diversionary plan. I have learned all of their tricks that they use, reading body language, profiling, etc. I know that those skills are not truly genuine, that they are a ruse to keep the populace in fear, off guard. They are aware of this as well, but I am able to make them watch me, and while they are looking at me, I am someone else and can slip right by, blend in with the masses. They think that I belong, so they act as if I belong. We *all* know that I never belonged, and that is my strength. I can re-direct my consciousness to watch them watching me, setting up the feedback loop which raises the vibrational frequency, loosening up my atoms until I dim from view. It is much easier to disappear when you don't belong there in the first place. This is the exact opposite of what they teach in PsyOps classes. You need to be initiated to learn the esoteric side of these things.

I am a vegetarian. However, the longer I live the greater the respect I have for the practice of cannibalism. The one percent of the population that holds ninety-five percent of the world's wealth would make very nice briskets and pulled-long-pork sandwiches. I just have to remember not to eat the brains and nervous tissues. That makes you crazy. New Guineas suffer from a condition like Mad Cow disease for humans. They got it from eating brains. The wealthy are aware of all this. That is why they have incorporated DuPont into Monsanto and took control of agriculture. They want to kill us all, save for a half million to become slaves and wait on them hand and foot, hoof and mouth. They have inserted themselves as our gods.

I am getting one of my headaches. I need to do the Safety Dance. Oh, wait, that was Men *Without Hats*. Exactly how safe can this dance really be? Maybe they just activated my implant. I might have to drill a hole in my skull to let the evil human out.

Since they are our gods, I am going to have to treat them as such. If I am to *serve* them, then I am going to serve *them*. We have to eat our gods. It has always been this way. I am going to serve them with Fava beans and a nice Chianti. I just got the recipe from Chef Lecter last night. I attend his evening culinary classes twice a week now.

I am planning to open a soup and salad food truck when I release from prison. My market will be government agency parking lots around the lunch hour. That way I can harvest from the same garden that I irrigate. Of course I will be using the Monsanto tactics, cow manure in the chicken feed and chickenshit in the feed grain. I will be fertilizing with dura mater bisque, tossed greens topped with axons and a light balsamic vinaigrette. Hopefully the feedback loop will raise the aberrational frequencies and the government will disappear.

I can't wear my hat for extended periods. I am allergic to the aluminum hydroxide produced by my sweat. It makes my head itch. I don't like to itch, as it makes me anxious. When I get anxious, I study Business Law. The more I study, the more I want to create an LLC. Once I incorporate, I can upgrade to a platinum hat. Eventually I will become rich and powerful and enter the government. It's a rational conclusion, almost natural, as genetic as the bloodline of the Illuminati. I must be evolving, becoming a god *myself*. Eventually I will be the fool who says in his heart, "there is no god," and eats his own flesh. I wonder what kind of portal *that* loop will open!

I am becoming one of *them*, a true terrorist, reptilian. Once my initiation is complete, I will be able to call things as *I* see them with my excised eyes. The entire apparatus moves up and down. It all comes around, and then it goes around. Nature is cyclic in nature. Environment seems to be cyclic, as well, although I don't see much of a nurturing effect anymore. Therefore, genetics *must* be the determinant factor of future behavioral responses to external stimuli which have been internalized. You become what you eat and eat what you become.

Life feeds on life.